

My old Friend

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My old Friend

For a elf death must always be unexpected, in that we do not expect to die!

We do not age as mortal races do.

We do not subcome to diseases or illness as other races do.

Our life unless it is taken from us, is never ending, it will endure all the ages of this world, it's sorrow and it's joy, peace and war.

I envy mortals who from day one are safe in the knowledge that one day death will call on them and when that time comes they will welcome death as though a long lost friend.

I have seem death in many forms through out my long years, I have seem humans subcome to age, I have seen women bring life into this world only for their own to leave them as there babes cry In a new day. I have gone to war and seen my comrades fall at the enemies hands, I have taken life in defence of my and others own, i saw a brave warrior give his life as he came to defend mine.

I do not fear death! But will it give me the peace that has been absent from my life for over 50years, or is it the curse of my kin, that I will forever endure my torment.

I know that death is coming for me as surly as the sun will set on this day and the moon will come to morn the fallen.

I can hear my breath rasping in my ears as loud as a waterfall and yet the sounds of the battle come as though I am submerged in a pool

of water.

My lung is pierced and blood runs through my fingers from the wound I can do little to stem, the pain is dull and I wonder if this is how he felt just before death took him! My energy is leaving me with every breath I take, but I manage to take the life of the orc who is responsible for the ending of mine.

Cold hard ground meets me as I fall to my back, the day is dull and cold, surely the first snow of winter will fall. My vision is narrowing as I struggle for breath, it's dark around the edges. Death is coming.

I can feel the weight of his rune stone against my breast and I lay my hand over it, I have hated and treasured the stone in equal measure, my one link to him! My constant reminder of a promise he tried so hard to keep.

I treasure it now, the comfort it brings, the reminder that he lived and that I loved!

Death is closer now my breathing is not as sharp, the blood that runs from the wound is slowing and I think of KÃ-li and I hope that death will be merciful and bring me peace. Maybe when arda is restored I'll see him again.

"AmrÃçlimÃª"

And I smile!

Hello death my old friend.

End
file.